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GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
TOBACCO

COAL MINE BEING OPENED HERE

A Good Vein of Coal on the Gus Medlin Farm. Found Eighteen Years Ago, is Being Developed.

Monett citizens are much excited over the prospects of a coal mine located on the Gus Medlin farm one-half mile south of town, on the Purdy road. Coal was struck in a well on the place about eighteen years ago, but no steps were taken to develop it.

Recently a lease on the land was secured by Joe A. Martin, John Armstrong, and Ed Ryan of this place and the old shaft is being opened up and digging will begin in a few days.

In digging for well on the place years ago an 18-inch vein of coal was found. Coal was then very low in price and no one cared to finance the development of a mine. Coal being now at a good figure, it is believed that a mine on that location would be very profitable if it only furnished coal for the town alone.

In putting down timbers Tuesday another vein was found below the first one and the men holding the lease are very optimistic over the prospects.

WAINRIGHT & SON DRY GOODS COMPANY MOVING TO NEW BUILDING

The Wainright & Son Dry Goods company are today moving to their new building, first door west of the of the First National Bank. It is very attractive with new up-to-date display counters for the different lines of merchandise, and their ready-to-wear department will create much interest. T. L. Wainright, the junior member of the firm, recently returned from a buying trip and they have on display the new fall skirts in the very newest plaids and checks, and they expect soon to receive their shipment of fall and winter dresses and suits.

The store has very neat display windows and their window decorator will soon have in them a display of their fall goods.

The store is one of the best in this county, and Monett is justly proud of it.

DR. WRIGHT'S MOTHER DIES

Mrs. C. W. Wright, mother of Dr. Wm. Wright, died Wednesday morning at the age of 80 years. She lived at Ionia, near Sedalia. Dr. Wright left Wednesday to attend the funeral. Mrs. Wright is survived by her husband, who is 95 years old.

FORMER GOVERNOR GARDNER IS ILL

Albuquerque, N. M., Aug. 1.—Fredrick D. Gardner, former governor was taken to a hospital here yesterday from a passenger train on which he was traveling to California, was somewhat improved today, according to attending physicians. His fever had diminished. If the improvement continues he should be able to resume his journey within a week it was said.

Mrs. Joe F. Amber was a visitor in Springfield today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ezell attended the Carthage Fair, Wednesday.

Mrs. A. L. Wallace and her sister, Mrs. L. C. Kelley, spent the day in Carthage, and attended the Fair.

Mrs. Victor Bryan and children spent the day with relatives at Purdy.

Mrs. Ida Brown and small daughter, of South Monett, departed Wednesday morning for Schaberg, Ark., to visit relatives.

Mrs. John Tyhurst, accompanied by her son, John Evans, went to Fayetteville, Ark., Wednesday morning, to spend a week.

Capt. and Mrs. S. C. Mills received a message, Tuesday, stating that a daughter, Eugenia Caroline, was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Moore, of California. Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Nelle Mitchell, a granddaughter of Capt. and Mrs. Mills.

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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as joining the driver the weary Herbert dared to lift

"Please, Mr. Randolph, the officer on the beat says the grass is lifting



The Officer on the Beat Says the Grass is Lifting Your Cab, Sir.

your cab, sir, and he thought he ought to report anything like that."

"Tell him to undo the check and let it feed itself down again," growled Mr. Randolph.

The day passed; night fell. Now one and then another of the six devotees of a science which even in the youth of this nation had forestalled all the wonders of the submarine, the flight of man, and wireless telegraphy withdrew just long enough to connect with the Daily Night bank round the corner or some other convenient base of supplies and returned to set new money to catch old. But Mr. Randolph had no occasion to do this. His heap of chips and cash of the realm rested on too solid a base of its own.

There may be recorded an amusing diversion from the serious business in hand. It was ushered in by the crest-fallen Herbert, who confessed that actual physical exhaustion had driven him to forty winks, during which time a professional purloiner of motor-car accessories had stopped, spellbound by the gigantic sum registered on Mr. Randolph's taximeter, had promptly stolen the preposterous clock, and was now on the club steps offering to settle with whoever was the interested gent on a fifty-fifty basis.

Great was the consternation of the enterprising speculator in theft when he was confronted by two persons in one; namely, Mr. R. H. Randolph, holder of Car No. 1898, and Mr. R. H. Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, the late driver of said cab. His glib tongue, loaded to the gills with arguments as to how much the fare would save through the sudden exit of the clock from the ken of man, tripped hopelessly on this vision of wrath in the shape of a driver in whose interests the tick-er had been faithfully allying.

It took Mr. Randolph just thirty-two precious minutes to force the crest-fallen one to replace and readjust the busy bee of meter readings. When he returned to the fray upstairs, he noticed a strange phenomenon of poker—no reason why he should not have witnessed the very proper meeting which took place between the two outwardly cool young members of society who were inwardly, nevertheless, seething with more emotions than there are fumes in a lime-kill.

"Miss Thornton!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, as, from force of long habit, he laid hat, stick and gloves on a side table and then advanced with a tentatively outstretched hand.

"Oh, how do you do?" asked Pamela, rising and offering her hand.

"Wo—won't you sit down?"

"Thank you; I will."

He took the other end of the couch, crossed his legs in an effort to appear thoroughly at home, and gazed almost furiously at the apparition before him. Ye gods and heaps of daffodils! What a vision of loveliness, of charm, grace, breeding, carriage and nurtured beauty! What a bubbling well of mirth; what a source of the light of youth that never fails; what an armful of divine delight!

"Er—I—er—told Mr. Milvus I'd call," said Mr. Randolph.

"Yes?" eagerly countered Miss Thornton.

"Er—I—said I'd be here at four," supplemented Mr. Randolph.

"Yes, he told me," murmured Miss Thornton, not quite so ardently.

"Er—it's just four now," stated Mr. Randolph.

"So it is," agreed Miss Thornton quite coolly, glancing at the clock and registering surprise—tone quite calm and dignified.

A long silence intervenes. The lady could easily break it, but won't. She has gathered somewhere that silence is often a clue. Mr. Randolph evidently shares the intuition; he must say something and does.

"I've been very busy since I saw you last."

"How interesting?"

"Yes; it has been—in spots. I've—er—been studying the under side of the upper world through a hole in the front glass of a taxi. It has given me a great idea."

"Really?"

"Yes; I'm going to start the Manhattan Chaperoned Cab company."

"The what?" asked Miss Thornton, forced to show interest in the preposterous project in spite of the fact that her eyes were growing more and more wounded and the corners of her treacherous mouth were drooping farther and farther south.

"Chaperoned Cab company," repeated Mr. Randolph, his broad brows puckering in serious thought over his wide blue eyes. "It doesn't sound like much of an idea until you follow it out. Would you like to have me explain it to you?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, it all hangs on an invention of my own—an attachment to the ordinary taximeter of a miniature map of New York and vicinity and a sort of seismic-needle affair. You set the needle on the point in the map corresponding to where the cab starts from in—er—real life. Wherever the cabs go, the needle shows the route in red ink on the map, with a time signal of how long it stopped at any given house, park, store—er—et cetera. Do you begin to get the idea?"

"N—no," said Miss Thornton.

"Just think a minute. Tired old couple of conventional ideas and actually beyond the age of dancing are in horror of sitting up all night watching daughter have a good time. Send her in one of my cabs; the ink-route will show just how straight she went to the party, how long she stayed, and how she came back. I forgot to mention the dictograph attachment in every vehicle. Take another case: Man married to a pretty and very young wife. Can't you hear him say, 'Yes, my d-d-dear; you can go anywhere if you'll take a Chaperoned Cab?'"

"No, I can't," said Miss Thornton decisively, and stared meaningfully at the clock, as though she were worrying over her next engagement.

Mr. Randolph flushed, rose hastily, and possessed himself of hat, stick and gloves.

"I mustn't keep you," he said, "I've got an appointment in about five minutes myself."

She rose, an absent-minded look in her eyes, and accompanied him to the door of the room. He opened it and took his hand from the knob to shake good-by. Her hand reached out toward his listlessly, as though it had become infected with the selfsame droop that had assailed the corners of her lips.

"May I—er—call again?"

"No!" cried Pamela, snatched back her hand, threw both arms up against the doorjamb, dropped her curly head upon them, and burst into tears.

Mr. Randolph's platinum-headed cane fell with a clatter; his gloves fluttered to the floor, and his new top hat, emitting a clucking, mirthful sound, hurtled across the room. In less time than it has taken to describe these simultaneous events, he had seized the sobbing girl in his arms and was babbling as follows:

"Miss Tho—Pamela—Pam, you dearest and sweetest of all the little women in the world! Oh, darling, don't cry; but if you must, then cry on me—so! That's right, my precious; put your arms round my neck and hold me close. S—strangle me, b—but never, never let me go."

He stooped gradually, picked her up, and made for the couch. Just before he got there, he reached a small prayer rug of Persian design and of great value, one of many such oases in the large expanse of beautifully waxed flooring. The specified rug seemed to take sudden offense at Mr. Randolph's rude footfall. It took to age, unmistakable age, had settled on the faces of the five youths. He put his fingers to his own countenance; he could feel the added years.

The game ended, as do all titanic battles, in absolute silence. Mr. Randolph sorted, stacked, tabulated his winnings, and stuffed them into all the pockets on his person. He then noted the hour—eleven o'clock of a bright

Thursday morning—and, proceeding to the nearest telephone booth, called up Mr. William Verries of Verries & Cat, stock brokers.

"That you, William? This is Bob Randolph. William, I've got sixteen thousand dollars in my jeans at the moment of speaking. What's the lowest margin you'll give me to sell Amal, I. S. & C. short for delivery at tomorrow's closing?"

"Sell Amal, I. S. & C. short!" gasped Mr. Verries. "Why, you're crazy! Buy, and I'll talk to you."

"I don't want to buy," said Mr. Randolph patiently. "You're right, in a way, about my being crazy. You see, since you saw me the other day, I've come into some easy long stuff, and it's just ruining my experiment in the philosophy of a moneyless life. I want to lose my wad just like I told you, and if you don't promise to start selling for me inside of the next five minutes, I'll let friendship slide and call up some real brokers."

"Well, if you put it in that way, you escaped loon. I'll assist your sap-headed philosophy to your exact cash limit. When will you pony up?"

"In twenty minutes by the clock," said Mr. Randolph cheerfully, and rang off.

The historic pounding drive on Amal, I. S. & C. that started with the opening of the market on the following day was of such Homeric proportions that the advance sale made by Messrs. Verries & Cat on behalf of Mr. R. H. Randolph during the Thursday afternoon next preceding was a mere drop in the bucket of oblivion to the public at large—a mere flea-bite lost in the shuffling of epidermises to the monster saurians involved in the combat; but to Mr. Randolph, it was a matter of transcendent importance.

(To be Continued.)

Capt. H. P. Crowell, son of Mrs. M. R. Trumbower, writes that he has been moved from Camp Meade, Md., which is being abandoned, to the barracks, at Plattsburg, N. Y. Captain Crowell is well pleased with the change as the Plattsburg Camp is one of the best in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore, of Phelps are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wainright.

A. T. Bramer, contractor and builder, made a business trip to Bolivar, Wednesday.

Mrs. J. F. Davis and Mrs. Margaret Hall went to Mt. Vernon, Wednesday and spent the day visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lowe, of Neodesha, Kan., are visiting Mrs. Lowe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Morrow.

Vance Davis, assistant cashier of the First National Bank, is taking a two weeks' vacation. He and his family went to Neosho Wednesday morning and will join a camping party at that place.

Miss Kathryn Gurley, of Purdy, was operated upon for diseased tonsils and adenoids Tuesday morning at the West hospital.

Ted Mullins, of Exeter underwent an operation for appendicitis, at the West hospital, Sunday. The patient is getting along nicely.

Mrs. E. O. Gillette was shopping in Joplin, Wednesday.

Mrs. Clair Fowler returned Wednesday morning from a visit with relatives in Webb City and Joplin.

Miss Katherine Rivers, who has been house-keeper at the West Hospital, has returned to her home at Billings.

The Callaway Furniture company have received two car loads of furniture, and are unpacking them this week.

Mrs. W. W. Lehnhard went to Neosho Wednesday to visit relatives.

Mrs. B. S. Binney, of Havana, Kan., is visiting here this week.

Misses Bess and Bernetta Dewine returned home Tuesday night from a visit at St. Louis.

Miss Mary Schmetz, of Mt. Vernon, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Leon Wainright.

Miss Helen Perry is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Helen Hobbs, of Cassville.

Miss Ada Riggs, assistant book-keeper at the Durnell dry goods company, is taking her vacation and will leave Friday morning for Kansas City to visit friends.

W. G. Ray, of 601 Second street, is recovering following an operation for appendicitis performed at St. John hospital in Springfield last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chapin have taken apartments at the C. P. Glass residence at 304 Fifth street. They sold their bungalow on Central avenue to J. C. Willis.

The following young ladies went to Aurora on the early evening train, Tuesday, and went swimming at the Tooker pool, and returned home on the late train: Misses Bea Masoner, Rose Smith, Christine Johnston, Kitty Bell and Winifred Taylor and Georgia West.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robinson, daughter, Frankie Elizabeth, and son, Joseph, Mrs. Joe Pratt and son, Joe, Mrs. Marcie Walters and Frank Pratt, who are waiting her from Kansas City, picnicked at the Peirce City Park Tuesday evening.

OBERMANN & SON SALE HELD TUESDAY

Obermann & Son, breeders of Big Type Poland China hogs held a sale at Monett Tuesday, August 2. The sale included thirty-nine sows bred to Peter the First, the famous boar in the Obermann herd. Many buyers were present from a distance and the hogs sold at a good price considering the unusual conditions prevailing at this time. Col. Elmer E. Gardhouse, of Palmyra and Col. Al Hudson, of Fairview, had charge of the sale.

Following are the sales made, the buyer and price paid:

No. 1, to Herbert Benson, Newark, Ark., \$200.

No. 2, to J. W. Clemens, of Elkland, \$250.

No. 3, to Wayne Travis, Coffeyville, Kan., \$150.

No. 4, to L. E. Vaughan, Oronogo, \$200.

No. 5, to Cline Brothers, Coffeyville, Kan., \$105.

No. 6, to O. O. Harlan & Son Marionville, \$170.

No. 7, to D. E. Cole, Anderson, \$100.

No. 8, to F. J. Lantz, Carthage, \$166.66.

No. 9, to H. F. Obermann, Freistatt, \$80.

No. 10, to H. M. Fillmore, Joplin, \$200.

No. 11, to J. W. Clemens, Elkland, \$125.

No. 12, to Alec Moore, Mt. Vernon, \$100.

No. 13, to H. B. Morton, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$130.

No. 14, to Alec Moore, Mt. Vernon, \$100.

No. 15, to Dr. C. V. Moseby, Cuba, Mo., \$70.

No. 16, to W. C. Hall, Coffeyville, Kan., \$150.

No. 17, to J. W. Clemens, Elkland, \$75.

No. 18, to Frank Bracht, Freistatt, \$100.

No. 19, to Wm. Helmkamp, Monett, \$50.

No. 20, to Frank Bracht, Freistatt, \$80.

No. 21, to J. W. Clemens, Elkland, \$60.

No. 22, to Heart of America Farm, Kansas City, \$190.

No. 23, to G. H. Myers, Monett, \$90.

No. 24, to Joe R. Young, Richards, \$120.

No. 25, to George Storck and L. D. Freeman, Purdy, \$75.

No. 26, to Alec Moore, Mt. Vernon, \$100.

No. 27, to George Storck, Purdy, \$150.

No. 28, to W. W. Pelsue, Carthage, \$75.

No. 29, to Miller Brothers, Oak Hill, \$85.

No. 30, to O. O. Harlan & Son, Marionville, \$150.

No. 31, to W. W. Pelsue, Sarcoxie, \$155.

No. 32, to J. W. Clemens, Elkland, \$150.

No. 33, to Alec Moore, Mt. Vernon, \$125.

No. 34, to Joe R. Young, Richards, \$100.

No. 35, to H. M. Fillmore, Joplin, \$115.

No. 36, to J. R. Whitlock, Springfield, \$52.50.

No. 37, to C. H. Brundage, Monett, \$40.

No. 38, to Bob Schoen, \$40.

No. 39, to Bob Schoen, \$40.

PICNIC AT PEIRCE CITY PARK

The Golden Rule class of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school, enjoyed a picnic supper at the Peirce City park, Tuesday evening, and later played games and had a general good time until the train arrived on which they returned home. The class was chaperoned by the teacher, Mrs. F. E. Shaffer, and Dr. Ida B. Johnson. Those enjoying the good time were: Misses Isabelle Johnson, Marie and Blanche Gillioz, Freda Kaase, Laura and Louise Rice, Dorothy Squibb, Mildred Freeze and Isabelle Pettefer, of Springfield.

THE COUNTY VOTE

Incomplete returns from the county indicate that the propositions before the voters at the special election Tuesday carried, with the possible exception of the tax for the bridge over White river in this county and the constitutional convention. The soldier bonus bill passed in the county by a large majority. Monett and Cassville both gave good majorities favorable to the White river bridge, but a telephone message from Cassville, before noon today stated that it was feared that the proposition had not carried, having received opposition from Purdy and some of the rural districts.

Miss Barbara Hindman returned Friday morning to her home at Wheaton, after having spent the past week with her aunt, Mrs. Carrie Bear. Mrs. A. J. Phillips who took seriously ill Friday night with gall stones, remains in a critical condition. Her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Smith, of Mt. Vernon, and her granddaughter, Mrs. R. L. Lavery of Oklahoma City were called here Saturday night.

JOHN HOLLAND TAKES OWN LIFE

Nervous Breakdown Affects Mind of Monett Man, Causing Tragedy. Shoots Self With Rifle.

John Holland, a well known Monett citizen, killed himself about 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, August 3, by shooting himself in the head with a Winchester rifle. Mr. Holland committed the deed, while temporarily deranged, having been suffering from a nervous breakdown for the past six weeks.

During his illness Mr. Holland had been staying with his brother, Tom Holland of 814 Fifth street, his home before his marriage a few months ago. He had a spinal affection, which caused him great mental distress at times, being at his worst in the early morning hours. He frequently rose early and walked about the house and premises.

On Wednesday morning no one of the family heard him when he left the house, but a neighbor heard a shot between 6 o'clock and 6:30 o'clock. His dead body was found in the barn by a boy who had come to take the cow to pasture. The boy gave the alarm to the family.

Mr. Holland was lying in the barn with the rifle by his side. He had evidently placed the barrel of the rifle in his mouth and fired the shot, which killed him instantly. No inquest was necessary as the means of his death was evident and it was known that his mind was not clear.

Mr. Holland realized his condition and four days before his death he told Constable Joe A. Jackson of the state of his health and warned him that he might be called to the Holland home because he did not know what might take place.

John Holland was born in Huren County, Ohio, July 10, 1863, being 53 years old at the time of his death. He came with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Holland, to Peirce City, Missouri in 1879 and they made their home on a farm near that place. The father died three years ago and John Holland came to Monett and made his home with his brother, Tom Holland, until he was married. In March of this year he was married to Mrs. Cunningham, of Springfield.

Mr. Holland is survived by his wife, three brothers, Bob Holland, of Neodesha, Kan., Frank Holland, of Dixon and Tom and Mart Holland, of Monett, and one sister, Sister M. Celesta, of Carondelet, a member of the Order of St. Joseph.

CASSVILLE NEWS

From the Cassville Democrat
D. H. Kemp sold a fine Poland China boar this week to a breeder of Rogers, Ark., for \$100. He did this after the man had inspected many herds in Newton, Jasper and many other counties of this state and Mr. Kemp feels highly complimented over the sale.

Different portions of Barry county signed the petition calling for an election to vote on the 10c levy to build a bridge across White River. All of this levy will be used to build that bridge.

Charley Janes and wife of near Monett, were visiting relatives and friends in and around Cassville this week.

We understand that the Woodruff boys will put in a swimming pool at Blockade Hollow Spring and clean up the grounds surrounding the spring. John Frost of Washburn, was here Wednesday and said that had become a great camping ground for tourists.

Mrs. A. J. Phillips, who has been seriously ill the past several weeks, is no better. Mrs. M. F. Garrison is caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark returned to their home at Muskogee, Okla. Friday, after having visited Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Hawkins.

O. H. Ross, holding No. 5423, received the 50 pounds of sugar given away at Matthews Grocery Saturday. Another fifty pounds will be given away next week.

Mrs. G. W. Carter and small son, Dorl, of Jefferson City, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Baer the past week, departed Friday evening for their home.

A party composed of Mrs. Ida B. Adams, Violet and Lee Adams, Mrs. Alice Gerhardt, Fannie Armstrong and Glen Mills motored to Joplin, Thursday and spent the day.

Misses Ruth and Marjorie Clinton and Melen Rittenhouse left Saturday morning to spend a week in Joplin with their grandmother, Mrs. E. Ash, and their aunt, Mrs. Grant Rollege.

Mrs. Cecil Medlin and children returned to their home in Cassville, Monday, after a brief visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. L. R. Baum and daughter, Miss Faye, returned home Monday night from Dennison, Texas, where they visited Mrs. Baum's sister, and husband, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Cybert.